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(1922)

New York (City). Dodds, Chamberlin

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THE SONG OF SOLOMON

PAINTINGS BY

CLAGGETT WILSON

EXHIBITION BEGINNING

MONDAY, JANUARY 30TH, 1922

CHAMBERLIN DODDS

28 EAST 52ND STREET

<sup>C</sup>  
mab

## THE PAINTINGS

1. Thy lips are as a thread of scarlet.
2. The King hath brought me into his chambers.
3. I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys.
4. I am my beloved's and he is mine; he feedeth among the lilies.
5. Thy neck is as a tower of ivory.  
(Lent by Adolph Lewisohn, Esq.)
6. My beloved is like a roe or a young hart . . . he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
7. As the lily among the thorns so is my love among the daughters.
8. O my dove that art in the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice.
9. By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him but I found him not.
10. I will rise now and go about the city in the streets and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth.
11. While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.
12. Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyards I have not kept.



13. He brought me into the banqueting-house and his banner over me was love . . . stay me with dragons; comfort me with apples for I am sick with love.
14. Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, behold thou art fair . . . thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins; which feed among the lilies . . . thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.
15. A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
16. My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the choice one of her that bare her; the daughters saw her and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines and they praised her.
17. Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.
18. Thy lips drop as the honeycomb.
19. Awake, O north wind and come thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out.
20. Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame.
21. His left hand is under my head, his right hand doth embrace me . . . I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up my love nor awake him till he please.



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